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Miscellany.

From the New Monthly Magazine.

GERMANY—PAST AND PRESENT.

“*Armorum sonitum toto Germania cælo
Audiit, insolitis tremuerunt motibus Alpes.*”
VIRGIL. *Georg.*

Before the wars of the French Revolution, the political and social face of Germany was marked by features, that widely distinguished it from every other country in Europe, and which the convulsions of later days have rather softened down and shaded off, than obliterated or effaced. It displayed, in grotesque and singular variety, all the peculiarities and anomalies of a constitution, in which feudality might be said to have run to seed. The Germans, in comparison with the English or the French, still appeared a people of the middle ages. They dwelt enveloped in forests, sands, baronial castles, walled and gated towns, rigid ceremonies, and impregnable barriers of rank and title. Chivalry had left behind it a rough military spirit; aristocracy produced the most inflexible separation of ranks; and superstition and legendary lore were now replaced by dreaming mysticism and wild metaphysics. The mailed knight was succeeded by the mustachioed hussar; the feudal sovereign by the count armed with parchments and pedigrees; and the magnetical doctor, and the metaphysical professor, were the legitimate descendants of an intrigue between the cabalistic monk of the 15th century, and the white nymph of the fountain or the forest. The political constitution, and the social system, had alike become a tangled labyrinth of complicated ranks, titles, rights, privileges, prescriptions, and usages. The spirit of improvement, and the activity of talent, were fettered and cramped on every side, by the artificial mounds of despotic power or aristocratic privilege. Every thing remained stagnant and motionless, because none of the restless energies of character or mind, which give the first impulse to improvement, had room to ex-

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pand themselves. The great origin of the sluggish obtuseness of this system, and the source of most German peculiarities, from the subdivided despotism of the state, down to the petty ceremonies and etiquette of the saloon, was undoubtedly the singular predicament of the body politic.

From the early periods of German history down to the French Revolution, the bane of this fine country had always originated in the subdivision, the isolation, and the conflicting animosities of its states, and its interests. With the exception of the religious wars in the 14th and 17th centuries, and some few European struggles, the history of Germany is made up of feuds and contentions, solely arising from its anomalous constitution, and the incongruous materials, of which it is composed. Eternal disputes concerning the election of emperors; the precedence and dignities of dukes and princes; the family compacts, marriages, partitions and inheritances of the princes; the aggressions and reprisals of litigious neighbours; the privileges of nobles; and the claims of reigning cities—are the never-ending incidents of German history. Germans were eternally engaged in making war upon Germans, till the bonds of country and brotherhood were destroyed, and seeds of indelible hatred sown between Prussians and Austrians, Bavarians and Saxons, Wirtembergers and Hessians. The institution of the Imperial Chamber, in the 16th century, as a great national tribunal, where one prince might bring his action (as in our Court of King's Bench) against another, instead of leading his troops into his territory; and the institution of the Austregues, or arbitrators, to whom these illustrious litigations might be referred, tended much to civilize the system: often, however, the Directors of the Circles, who answered to the bum-bailiffs and tipstaves of humbler tribunals, and were charged with executing the terrors of the law, were not potent enough to enforce submission from sovereign delinquents, at the head of some thousand hussars. About the commencement of the last

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century, the consolidated weight and superiority of Prussia, Austria, and one or two other powers, kept the smaller reigning fry in order and awe, and generally engaged them as auxiliaries, on one side or the other, in hostilities of more important dimensions, if not of more rational object. The ascendancy of Frederic of Prussia then rebuked the genius of more diminutive heroes; and he became the great model, after which territories were squared and carved, dragoons manufactured, and spatterdashes shaped. Madame de Staël has well observed, that, in order to understand Prussia, it is only necessary to study the character of Frederic. That country still bears his impress, in all its institutions and characteristics. But Frederic had very little influence on Germany at large. He was a great *man*, but not a great *German*. His genius was not indigenous—it was an exotic in Germany. He ought to have been born at Paris, and a writer in the *Encyclopædia*. He had nothing Teutonic about him; and a man will never make a lasting impression on his country, who pretends to run counter to its genius and spirit. He strove to make Prussia a sort of elegant French colony, to sneer at his fine native tongue, which he did not understand; to convert sober and religious Germans into French *scavans* and smart sceptics; and he thus demoralized his capital, and gave to his people a light, vainglorious character, which to this day distinguishes them from other Germans.

In the latter days of the empire, in the intervals between European wars, Germany was still busied with the same jarrings and conflictings of interest as formerly. The princes were pursuing long processes before the Chamber at Watzlar, and eternal appeals and discussions in the Diet at Ratisbon, to adjust their complex quarrels and alliances, their compacts of inheritance, their appanages, their territories mediate and immediate, their rights of precedence, the comparative purity of their blood and antiquity of their houses. The hussars were not quite so often called out as formerly, but they were regularly equipped and manœuvred; and theirs was the virtual influence, that still decided every thing. In all these collisions and concussions, the popular voice did not raise even a whisper. Territorial arrangements, barter, and bargains, were made among the princes exactly as private gentlemen dispose of their freehold estates. The subjects, who cultivated the soil, were turned over from one owner to another, precisely

like the live stock on a farm. The majority of the people were still serfs attached to the glebe. They lived in a state of feudal vassalage, such as had ceased in England for three centuries; dwelling in primitive *villénage* on the demesnes of the counts, the landgraves, and the barons; tilling rudely the sandy soil; resorting to the lord's petty courts for justice; and performing *corvées*, and paying tithes and taxes at his pleasure. If the people were not very generally oppressed, it was solely owing to the mild German character of some of their rulers, who wielded their absolute sceptres with a praiseworthy moderation. The inhabitants of the Rhenish provinces in the hands of the three ecclesiastical electors, enjoyed their beautiful country under a sway peculiarly mild. Their spiritual masters were *bachelors*, and had no expensive progeny of princes to provide for. Splendid establishments of mistresses, or of dragoons, were hardly compatible with their sacred functions.

In a country, governed by about a hundred and fifty sovereigns, and containing, perhaps, twenty times that number of nobles, some of them of equal consequence with the smaller sovereigns, it is not extraordinary that a genealogical connexion, in the tenth or the hundredth degree, with some of these purpled lords of the earth, should be esteemed the highest ground of pride and distinction. Where learning and commerce were shut up in a few confined haunts, and where no shadow of a popular constitution gave consequence or scope to humble merit, birth became naturally the first and only distinction. To be a *roturier* was a badge of irremediable exclusion; to be sprung from the loins of one, was little better. It was a very awkward circumstance, if a man's great-grandfather had not written his name with a *Von*; and it was only when the purity of the stream could be established, by undoubted vouchers for four or five generations, that the fortunate baron could become a candidate for the chamberlain's key, or the marshal's baton, with the title of excellency, and a salary of £50 per annum, half in corn and half in money, at the little courts of the empire. The same qualifications were exacted, with double strictness, as passports to the substantial loaves and fishes of the land—the stalls of the cathedrals, the abbot's chairs, the fat canonries, and diplomatic and military offices. The fair sex must be prepared with similar vouchers, before they could be eligible to the honours of *dames d'atour* and maids of honour, or the

substantial comforts of the chapters of noble ladies. Birth and title were thus in possession of an undisturbed monopoly of all the goods, and all the graces of life. The Germans are naturally as friendly, hospitable, and kindly a people, as any in Europe; but, when above a hundred stiff and ceremonious courts set the fashion in as many towns of the empire, is it to be wondered at if artificial ceremony and pomp often overlaid their natural plain and honest simplicity. Besides, regality, on a petty scale, naturally required to be hedged in with a double portion of splendour and etiquette, to preserve it from mere burlesque. While the Emperor Joseph used to drop in, unattended, at the *Conversations* at Vienna, the pettiest prince of his empire could not stir without half a dozen *aides-de-camp* and equerries at his heels. Every sovereign of twenty thousand souls could summon a hundred or a hundred and fifty privy councillors to his cabinet; and had an army, of which the general officers were in proportion of about one-third to the privates; and to complete the magnificence of these Liliputian establishments, a Lord High Admiral, with appropriate sub-officers, commanded the navy of the elector Palatine, consisting of three gun-boats riding at anchor in the Rhine.

In most of the German States, at some period of their history, government had been conducted on a different system. An Assembly of States existed in most of them, often reflecting, in miniature, the General Diet of the empire; but in some states these assemblies had fallen into disuse; in others, they were convoked only at wide intervals: the members had generally only a *rotum consultativum*; the election was clumsy and complex, and generally entirely in the hands of the nobles and the syndics of the towns, which last were often appointed under the influence of the prince; so that, when these "states" existed in full force, instead of a popular representative body forming a counterpoise to the power of the prince, they were little more than a sort of clumsy government college, a piece of unwieldy and rusty machinery, which it was necessary to set in motion to carry into effect the commands of the executive. Like the Diet of the empire, they were obsolete and effete fabrics, of little practical utility. The constitution of Wirtemberg, praised by Mr. Fox as the most perfect in Europe, is a well-known exception; and it is a striking proof of the torpid apathy of the German public in former days, that this model of a free government should have

existed for centuries in the heart of the empire, without exciting any active aspirations after similar liberties.

Commerce and learning, those great engines of political and moral advancement, both existed to a great extent, but without exercising the influence, which properly belongs to them. Commerce was confined within the walls of a few free cities, separated, according to the pervading vice of the German constitution, from the neighbouring states. Learning, in a similar manner, instead of shedding its fertilizing rays throughout society, was almost hermetically sealed within the walls of the university. A few isolated colonies of professors and students monopolized all the erudition of the empire. With nothing to attract them in the external world, they naturally buried themselves in the depths of metaphysical speculation and verbal criticism; and enjoyed the sulky satisfaction of despising the unlettered frivolity reigning without the university. Talents were driven into the *clouds*, from want of any occupation on *earth*. Public affairs were treated as matters of mere technical routine; and as the professors seldom descended from their favourite region of the *ideal*, the ministers and diplomatists never soared above the dry routines of the college or *bureau*. Every interest in the empire was thus jarring and unconnected with all others: the votaries of commerce formed one community; those of learning and genius another; the upper noblesse a third; the lower noblesse a fourth. Each was a petty *imperium in imperio*, wrapped up in itself and its own interests, and jealous of every movement of its neighbours. This produced the most marked originalities of character and genius, the most daring flights of imagination, the most unchecked license of speculation. There were no collisions of different ranks and various talents to show persons their weaknesses, and to hold up the mirror to their peculiarities. This gave a multifarious, a chequered character to society, which had something truly romantic in it. Human manners were thus exhibited, not polished down to a uniform standard by the authority of one great capital, or by the fear of ridicule, and the supremacy of fashion. This is what materially helps to give so strange, so wild, so exaggerated a genius to German dramas. The *dramatis personæ*, therefore, form such violent contrasts; the passions and sentiments are so desperate; the author, shut up in the stove-heated solitude of his study, gives himself up so unreservedly, and with such glorious

defiance of the ridiculous, to every heated suggestion of his fancy. Philosophy and religion took the same bold and unbridled characteristics. But, in regard to politics, nothing could be so hostile to all movement or amelioration, as this separation and collision of interests and classes. The interchange of sentiments, the communication of thought, the co-operation of talents, which are necessary to produce political movements, were unknown. The people had no political existence; no national feeling existed; the public voice never raised a whisper. The talents of the empire were employed in discussing "pure æsthetic" and the "transcendental" categories of Kant. Where the press was free, as in Saxony, it teemed only with theosophical mysticism, learned research, and romantic poetry and dramas. The disputes in some states, the struggles of the people and the crown in Wirtemberg, the bickerings of the states in Saxony, and the opposition of the powerful nobles in Mecklenberg to their prince, had little or no influence beyond the frontiers of these principalities. There was no metropolis for the common mind of Germany, no concentration of opinion, no spirited journals, no union of plan or of object. As one nation, Germany did not exist.

This system of antiquated abuse, and slumbering monotony, without any stirring principles of life within itself, appeared to stand in need of some violent external shock, to give a chance of change or improvement. This shock it received in the French Revolution, and the wars that sprung from it. The rottenness of the political fabric was soon made manifest. The venerable, but decayed edifice of the empire soon crumbled to pieces; dragging with it, in its ruin, some little good, but much more of what was useless, obsolete, and decayed.

Germany was conquered because it was "divided against itself." The tangled knot of its complicated institutions, which ages had twisted, was cut by the shears of military Jacobinism without difficulty or remorse. One lawless blow swept away much of the accumulated rubbish of centuries; and, contrary to its own intentions, broke down many of the barriers, and loosened many of the fetters, which cramped the liberties of Germany. Oppressive privileges, and prescriptive abuses, were laid low; feudal severities annihilated; petty sovereignties abolished; the claims of birth confounded with those of merit: the sovereigns were taught the lesson of adversity; the

people acquired energy and consciousness of strength; the barriers of rank were broken down, and the jarring citizens of the different states were, for the first time, united into *one nation of Germans*—one common interest, "*externus timor maximum concordiae vinculum*," for the first time united all. Energies, which had slumbered for centuries, were now put forth in one great national cause—a great triumph was prepared for the people. The advance in the condition of Germany is not to be estimated alone by the *positive gain* which the people have as yet acquired, though that is far from inconsiderable. They have been generally relieved from *corvées* and personal servitude; laws are simplified; torture abolished; many petty patrimonial administrations of justice done away. Germany on this side the Rhine, possesses trial by jury. Tolls and customs on the rivers and roads are thinned; non-nobles are relieved from many oppressive exclusions; many offices and honours are thrown open to persons without birth. So much may be accounted clear and palpable gain: other changes are of more doubtful effect. The streams of privilege and prerogative have, in many instances, only shifted their channels, without being thrown open or abolished. Princes have been mediatized only to aggrandize despots of a little larger dimensions. Abbeys have been secularized, bishoprics dissolved, chapters plundered, in general only to round the territories, and swell the coffers, of a few fortunate princes. Many despotic princes have consolidated their power, and acquired military strength; and odious transfers and exchanges have placed thousands of Germans under governments, which they detest. But a rapid, an important advance, is to be seen in the attitude, which the German people now hold in the political world, compared to their situation thirty years ago. They have made a sudden and determined start into political life—a powerful stride in moral and intellectual consequence. If they have not broken, or entirely thrown off, their chains, they have learnt to feel and to execrate them. If they have, as yet, gained few constitutional rights, they have learnt to appreciate and to strive after them. Germany is no longer that torpid, old-fashioned, motionless, and cloudy region, in which a palsied and supine state of the human mind chilled and benumbed every active faculty, and every stirring principle. The stagnant lake has been agitated in all its depths, and the weeds and scum can never close over it

again. The great secret of their strength, and of their community of interest, has been taught to the people from one end of the empire to the other; and, by a singular felicity, the first efforts of their emancipated strength achieved at once the triumph of liberty and of loyalty. With one gigantic effort, they expelled a foreign spoiler, seated their prostrate princes securely on their thrones, and obtained the solemn recognitions of their own rights and freedom—recognitions which no artifice or delay can do away, however they may be evaded or trifled with. Thus, from the condition of serfs attached to the soil, the German people rose at once to the proud elevation of liberators of their country, and generous benefactors of their own tyrants. The union of spirit brought about by this universal struggle, can never be again dissolved. They now see that their wants, their grievances, their objects, and their enemies, are the same. The public voice has acquired depth of tone and consistency of purpose. The people of all states have learnt to address and petition, and the universities have set the example of popular assemblies. Literature and talents are roused from metaphysical dreams; one of their best poets and dramatists proved one of their most energetic heroes, and fell on the field, pouring forth the strains of martial heroism. The press, which was one of the most powerful instruments in delivering the Germans from foreign domination, is now struggling and undaunted in the cause of internal freedom. The speculative philosopher has now turned into a bold political journalist; almost all the mind and talents of the nation are arrayed on the side of moderate freedom and representative constitutions. Not all the censors, and police-officers, and hussars of despotism, can keep down the spirit, which is abroad. A popular professor is, in vain, banished from an university. The students follow him, and take refuge in some other seat of science. If an energetic journal is suppressed in one state, it starts up with redoubled activity in another, that is more liberal. The rising generation are fed with the boldest doctrines of freedom. The studies, the associations, the manners, the dress of the universities, all tend to the same object; and the gymnastic games and songs, taught in every free-school, instil an abhorrence of slavery into the minds of children. Thus, a rapid and sure change is working in the character of the German public. The political and social system, are gradually assuming a new aspect. The

old nobles are now often found in opposition to despotic princes; and even mediatized princes, finding that the sceptre and the purple were no safeguards against a jacobinical despotism, now see the necessity of constitutional barriers, and side with the people in demanding them. Other distinctions than the quarters of the shield, or the glitter of military orders, are every day more and more esteemed. A *nobility of merit* (as it has been called by an able German writer) has sprung up from the ranks of the citizens. The first offices of the army are often filled by generals, who have risen from the ranks; and the helm of state, in the dangers of the storm, was often confided to a plebeian pilot. Thus the absurd barriers of rank are every day broken down. The vigorous seeds of a mixed and middling class are every day taking root in the soil—a class of important, independent, reasoning Germans, endowed with no arbitrary privileges, no prescriptive rights, no interests hostile to the national welfare. The nation of barons is daily imbibing more of the spirit of “the nation of shopkeepers.”

The degree of celerity, which may mark the progress of the Germans towards constitutional freedom, is indeed doubtful, and the prospect, at present, appears somewhat overcast;—all the usual delays and artifices of despotic power have been resorted to, in order to delude or divert the public feeling. At Paris, the popular claims were lost, in the din of premature triumph. At Vienna, partition and exchange of territory were the sole orders of the day. The Diet at Frankfort, and the Act of Confederation, were then appealed to; but when it was found that this august assembly was occupied with interminable preliminaries and abstract definitions, and that their first practical achievements restored certain tolls which oppressed commerce, the people perceived they had little to expect from that quarter. They then saw through the delusive farce of the patch-work Confederation. They saw that, while they were united in interest and spirit, they were still, in fact, divided in political government; and that no course remained but, with firmness and unanimity, to make their demands to their separate sovereigns. These claims have been made with a persevering and a powerful voice. Hitherto they have, with a few exceptions, been met only by renewed promises, temporary delays, pitiful evasions, the cant of liberal professions, and plausible projects. Plans and sketches of constitutions exist in the port-folios of minis-

ters;—in some States, they have been offered to the public; but they have generally been ill-suited to the present condition of the people, or under the influence of the prince in their practical execution. Disappointment and disgust have, in consequence, taken hold of the people, almost from one end of the nation to the other. These have produced irritation and indignant remonstrance—re-actions have ensued—changes of ministers and measures—new projects and fresh experiments. In the ferment thus excited, a few ardent writers and high-spirited youths have been goaded into expressions and acts, which only injure the cause they advocate. These have been gladly retorted by the governments on the people, and made the pretext of the harshest measures. According to the common tactics of despotism, the ultra-loyalist part of the nation have been appealed to, and the timid alarmed. A single act of mad atrocity, which inflicted lawless revenge on the most venal and unprincipled writer in Europe, and another similar attempt prevented, were blazoned forth as the evidence of a wide and ramified conspiracy of all the middling and the learned orders against all government. Military police was established; the ordinary laws suspended; a prevotal tribunal erected at Mayence, which has not tried a single culprit; search-warrants executed by dragoons; *escrutoires* ransacked; domestic security violated; professors, and men of genius, imprisoned and banished; journals suppressed; and Germany thrown into agitation and ferment, and taught to believe, that every student was a Sandt, and every professor, or author, a conspirator against legitimate rule. A new Congress was assembled; all the little freedom of the press annihilated; and a sort of round-robin signed by Princes, for suppressing every nascent sound of freedom, and keeping the universities and the people in awe, by increased military establishments. One by one, the professors, and others confined on accusation, have been discharged from prison, without trial and without process. The “black association” charged on the patriots has been proved to exist only in the imagination of monarchs and ministers. Not a trace of the much-noised conspiracy has been detected. A temporary, perhaps a delusive calm, has succeeded—“*ignes suppositos cineri doloso*.” The period of concession, on the part of the monarchs, may be retarded; but, sooner or later, it must arrive. In some of the States, a steady perseverance has already led to the attain-

ment of certain constitutional objects. The Grand Duke of Hesse has voluntarily presented his subjects with a constitution, which they so freely canvassed, and so warmly opposed, that they have wrested from him another of a more liberal character. The Grand Duke of Baden has been compelled to establish a representative constitution, in many respects formed in imitation of our own, and which succeeds well in its practical operation. In Bavaria, a constitution is in force, which, if not essentially popular, is considerably removed from monarchical severity. In Electoral Hesse, antiquated abuses are petrified into the system of government; and the death of the old, superannuated Elector will, probably, be the signal for many changes. Prussia, the most enlightened and distinguished State of Germany, is enthralled by the most active and vigilant despotism, which exists in the nation;—an overgrown and haughty military establishment, and a complicated and widely ramified system of civil administration, keep nearly half of the subjects of the country in the pay of the Crown;—an enormous pension-list supplies a large portion of persons, not employed, with what is called *warten-gelt*, (waiting-money,) till an appointment can be provided for them;—to supply these immense expenses, the taxes are necessarily exorbitant, and the popular classes generally discontented. The Rhenish Provinces of Prussia, formerly part of the French empire, and before of the Ecclesiastical Electorates, are oppressed by the most tyrannical exactions, and are in a temper, which the slightest circumstance might kindle into revolt. The ordinary laws have been repeatedly suspended, and violated by the arbitrary measures of the government. The privileges of the king's new university, at Bonn, have been invaded, and some of the most independent and distinguished professors driven away. Arndt has been arrested, the Welchers have been persecuted, and Schlegel has more than once threatened to retire in disgust. Goerres, one of the most distinguished political writers of Germany, has been obliged to take refuge at Strasburg. Prussia is, in all respects, the state which influences, in the greatest degree, the rest of Germany; and the fate of Prussia may probably decide that of the rest of the nation. How long the freedom of the Germans may be retarded, depends much on the people, much on the princes. This, at least, is certain—that the nation not only can never retrograde to what it has been, but that it can never re-

main stationary where it is. Its present state is provisional, not permanent; progressive, not stagnant. The staid and moderate character of the people, and the virtual liberality of some of the princes, will, perhaps, render the change more slow, silent, and gradual, than in other countries; but that a people so learned, so universally educated and enlightened, so generous in sentiment, and so determined in character, should long remain subject to narrow-minded despotisms, military police, an enslaved press, and arbitrary laws, is a paradox which, we think, cannot be of long duration.

From the New Monthly Magazine.

ON DANCING.

A good man's fortune may be out at heels.
SHAKESPEARE.

Were a book to be written upon the discordant opinions held by different nations, or by the same people at different periods, upon any given subject, none would present a more contradictory estimate, than the harmless recreation of dancing. For some thousand of years, in the early stages of the world, it was exclusively a religious ceremony. The dance of the Jews, established by the Levitical law to be exhibited at their solemn feasts, is, perhaps, the most ancient upon record. The dancing of David is also frequently quoted; and many commentators have thought, that every Psalm was accompanied by a distinct dance. In several of the temples, a stage was specially erected for these exercises; but, in process of time, they seem to have been practised by secular, as well as spiritual performers. The daughters of Shiloh were thus recreating themselves in the vineyards, when they were caught by the young men of the tribe of Benjamin, who presently danced into their good graces, and carried them off for wives—a process, which is frequently imitated, even in these degenerate days. The heathens, also, could “sport a toe,” in the very earliest ages. Pindar calls Apollo “the dancer;” Homer, in one of his hymns, tells us, that this deity capered to the music of his own harp; and from Callimachus we learn, that the Nereides were proficient in this elegant accomplishment, at the early age of nine years.* For several centuries, it was confined to military movements, when a battle was a grand *Ballet*

of Action, opposing armies became partners in the dance of death, and cut throats and capers with equal assiduity. Since those truculent and operatic days, it has been limited to festive and joyous occasions; but how various the estimation in which it has been held by inconsistent mortals! Socrates, a wise Grecian, took lessons in this art from Aspasia. Cicero, an enlightened Roman, urges the practice of dancing against Galbinus, as a grave and heinous offence. Of the moderns, many hold it an utter abomination to dance upon a Sunday; while others signalize the Sabbath by an increased hilarity of heel. In Germany, a band of enthusiastic damsels formerly testified their devotion to St. Vitus, by dancing round his shrine, until they contracted a malady, which still bears his name: the modern Herrnhuters, of the same district, would suffer martyrdom, rather than heathenize their legs by any similar profanation.

Our own country, at the present moment, possesses a sect of Jumpers, who, seeming to imagine that he, who leaps highest, must be nearest to Heaven, solemnize their meetings by jumping like kangaroos, and justify themselves very conclusively from Scripture, because—David danced before the Ark—the daughter of Shiloh danced in the yearly festival of the Lord—and the child John, the son of Elizabeth, leapt before it was born! The Methodists, on the other hand, maintain, in its full latitude the doctrine of the ancient Waldenses and Albigenses, that as many paces as a man makes in dancing, so many leaps he makes towards Hell. Even the amiable Cowper, the poet, suffered his fine mind to be so darkened by bigotry, as to believe, that a great proportion of the ladies and gentlemen, whom he saw amusing themselves with dancing at Brighthelmstone, must necessarily be damned;† and in a religious publication, now before me, I find it stated, that a sudden judgment overtook a person for indulging in this enormity: a large lump started up in his thigh while dancing; but upon his solemn promise not to repeat the offence, the Lord heard his prayer, and removed his complaint.‡ A writer in the same work, after denouncing those who admit “dancing and other vain amusements into their schools,” concludes with an alarming belief, “that this dancing propensity has, in some places, nearly danced

* See the *Vestriad*, a mock Epic Poem.

† Hayley's *Life*, p. 100.

‡ *Evangelical Magazine*, August 1812.

the Bible out of the school!"* In conformity with these enlightened views, and in defiance of the sacred writer, who expressly declares that there is *a time to dance*, the Methodists exclude from their communion all those who practise dancing, or teach it to children, while their ministers refuse to administer the Sacrament to all persons guilty of frequenting balls. Let us hope that the increasing good sense of these well-meaning, but misguided ascetics, will speedily get the better of such monkish austerities; that the time may come, when they may feel persuaded that our Heavenly Father can contemplate this innocent recreation of his creatures with as much benignity as a parent beholds the gambols of his children; and that the now gloomy inmates of the Tabernacle may justify the change, by adopting the beautiful sentiment of Addison—"Cheerfulness is the best Hymn to the Deity."

I abhor that atrocious and impious doctrine, that France and England are natural enemies, as if God Almighty had made us only to cut one another's throats; and yet I must say that I hate the French, and hate them too for one of their most elegant accomplishments—their inexhaustible genius for dancing. With the fertility of their ballet-masters, I have no quarrel: let them attitudinize till they have twisted the human form into as many contortions as Fuseli; let them vary figures and combinations *ad infinitum*, like the kaleidoscope; let them even appropriate distinct movements to each class of the human and super-human performers. I admit the propriety of their celebrated *pas* called the *Gargouillade*, which as a French author informs us, is devoted to the entrée of *winds, demons, and elementary spirits*, and of whose mode of execution, he gravely proceeds to give an elaborate and scientific description. But why, Mr. Editor, why must their vagaries quit their proper arena, the Opera stage, and invade our ball-rooms and assemblies? Sir, they have kicked me out of dancing society full twenty years before my time. The first innovation, that condemned me to be a spectator, where I used to be a not undistinguished performer, was the sickening and rotatory Waltz; of which I never saw the object, unless its votaries meant to form a contrast to the lilies of the valley, "which toil not, neither do they spin." Waiving all objections upon the ground of decorum, surely the young men and women of the present age were giddy enough

before, without the stimulus of these fantastical gyrations. If a fortune-hunter chooses to single out an heiress, and spin round and round with her, like a billiard-ball, merely to get into her pocket at last, there is at least a definable object in his game; but that a man should volunteer these painful circumvolutions for pleasure, really seems to be a species of saltatory suicide. I never saw the figurantes at the Opera whirling their pirouettes, like whipping-tops, without wishing to be near them with a stout thong, that I might keep up the resemblance; and as to imitating their ungraceful roundabouts, by joining in a waltz, I would rather be a tetotum at once, or one of the front wheels of Mrs. C——y's carriage. Thanks to the goddess of fashion, fickle as she is foolish, our ball-room misses have at length ceased to be twisted and twirled in this unmerciful manner, and our spinning jennies are again pretty nearly confined to Manchester and Glasgow.

Tired as I was of sitting like a spondee, with my two long feet hanging idle on my hands, (as a noble Viscount would say) I began now to entertain hopes of again planting my exploded heel upon a chalked board. But, alas! I was doomed to experience, that there are as many disappointments between the toe and the ground, as between the cup and the lip. France, my old enemy, was upon the watch to export a new annoyance: the Genius of Quadrille started up from amid the roses painted on a ball-room floor, and my discomfited legs were again compelled to resume their inglorious station beneath the benches. I could not put them into a go-cart, and begin all my steps again: I could not make a toil of a pleasure, rehearse beforehand, and study my task by card and compass, merely to make an exhibition of myself at last. It was too like amateur acting; the constraint of a ballet, without its grace or skill—the exertion of dancing, without its hilarity; and it was moreover an effort, in which I was sure to be eclipsed by every boarding-school miss or master, who would literally learn that by heart, which I, in my distaste to these innovations, could only expect to learn by foot. In this melancholy and useless plight, do I wander from one ball-room to another, dancing nothing but attendance, and kicking nothing but my heels; sometimes, like a tripod that has lost a leg, leaning disconsolately against the wall, because I cannot stand up in my proper place; and sometimes beating time to the music with my foot, which is as bit-

* Ibid. June 1808.

ter a substitute for genuine jumps, as is the coculus Indicus for real hops.

Oh, for the days that are gone!—the golden age of cocked hats; the Augustan era of country-dance; the apotheosis of minuet! How well do I remember the first night I ventured upon the latter, that genuine relic of the old French court. What an awful recollection have I of the trying moment, when, with a slow and graceful curve of my arm, I first deposited the triangular beaver upon my powdered locks, pressing it down upon my forehead, with a firm determination to look fierce and fascinating, and yet with a tender and sympathetic regard for the economy of my elaborate curls; somewhat in the style recommended by old Isaac Walton, when in instructing you to impale a worm for angling, he bids you handle him tenderly withal, and treat him like a friend. The scented pulvilio, which the untwisted hairs reproachfully effused, still seems to salute my nose, and flutter between my eyes, and the dipping and swimming figure of my partner. With what pride, I led her to her seat, and what a bewitching bow I flattered myself I had made, when she blushed into her chair! In those happy days, the next operation was a regular and persevering set-to, at the genuine old English country-dance; and the amusements of the night were invariably wound up by the Boulanger, or Sir Roger de Coverley. One of my nieces played me those exploded tunes a few days ago, and what a flush of rosy recollections did they conjure up! Their music seemed to penetrate into the quiet caves and grottoes of memory, awakening ideas that had long slumbered undisturbed. Methought they issued from their recesses like so many embodied sprites; and, fastening their flowery wreaths to the spokes of Time's great wheel, they dragged it rapidly backward, until the days of my youth became evolved before me in all the fidelity and vividness of their first existence. Then did I again behold the rich Miss B——, the sugar-baker's daughter, whom my parents invariably urged me to engage for the supper-dances, with many a shrewd hint that a partner at a ball often became a partner for life;—nor was her corpulent mother omitted, who carried vanity so far as even to affect a slight degree of palsy, that the motion of her head might give a more dazzling lustre to the magnificent diamonds, with which it was thickly studded. I see her now, at her old place in the card-room, shaking and sparkling like an aspen-tree

in the sunshine of a white frost. I behold, also, the bustling little old man her father, receiving the tickets of admission in all the pomp of office, with his snuff-coloured suit, and the powdered and pomatumed peak coming to a point in the centre of his bald head. I hear him boasting, at the same time, of his wealth and his drudgery, and declaring that, with all the hundreds he had spent upon his hot-houses and plantations at Hackney, he had never seen them except by candle-light. As for the daughter, thank Heaven, I never danced with her but once, and my mind's eye still beholds her webby feet paddling down the middle, with the floundering porpus-like fling she gave at the end, only accomplished by bearing half her weight upon her partner, and invariably out of tune. Often have I wondered at the patience of the musicians, in wasting rosin and catgut upon her timeless sprawls. She was obtuse in all her perceptions, and essentially vulgar in appearance: in the consciousness of her wealth, she sometimes strove to look haughty, but her features obstinately refused to assume any expression beyond that of inflexible stupidity. Moreover, she had thick ancles, pudding hands with short broad nails, and in laughing she showed her gums! She was too opulent, according to the sapient calculations of the world, to marry any but a rich man; and she succeeded, at length, in realizing her most ambitious dreams. Her husband is a yellow little nabob, rolling in wealth, and half suffocated with bile. She has three rickety children, whom she is ashamed to produce. With no more ear than a fish, she has a box at the Opera, and gives private concerts. In short, there is no luxury she is incapable of relishing, which her fortune does not enable her to command; and no enjoyment really adapted to her taste, in which her imagined gentility does not deter her from indulging.

What a contrast was the accomplished, the fascinating Fanny ——, with her lovely features irradiated with innocent hilarity, yet tempered with sentiment, and deep feeling. She was all intelligence—spiritual—ethereal; at least, I often thought so, as her sylph-like form seemed to be treading upon air, while it responded spontaneously to every pulsation of the music, like a dancing echo. "The course of true love never did run smooth:" Fanny was portionless—I was penniless; yet even despair did not prevent my loving her; and, though my tongue never gave utterance to the thought, I am well aware that she read

it in my eyes, and gave me in return her pity. With this I was contented—in the romance of a first love, I thought it would be delightful to die for her, and I sent her the enclosed song, but she never noticed my effusion, though she never returned it. Poor Fanny! she fell a sacrifice to one of those pests of society, a dangler, a male coquet; who paid her his addresses, won her affections, changed his mind, and married another—the scoundrel! Her pride might have borne the insult, but her love could not be recalled—her heart was broken. Her fine mind began to prey upon itself—the sword wore out the scabbard—her frame gradually faded away, and a rapid decline at length released her from her uncomplaining misery. I followed her to the grave; and how often did I return to the spot to bedew it with my tears! Many a vow have I made to suppress my unavailing grief, and refrain from visiting the place of her burial; when, in the very midst of my resolutions, my feet have unconsciously carried me to it again. Most truly might I have exclaimed with Tibullus,

“Juravi quoties rediturum ad limina nunquam?
Cum bene juravi, pes tamen ipse redit.”

Years have since rolled away, and I can now think of Fanny without ———. Forgive me, Mr. Editor, but a tear has fallen upon the very spot where I was about to make a boast of my stoicism. I may, however, without emotion declare, that of all the girls I ever knew, Fanny ——— Psha! another tear! I will not write a word more upon the subject.

SONG.—TO FANNY.

When morning through my lattice beams,
And twittering birds my slumbers break,
Then, Fanny, I recall my dreams,
Although they bid my bosom ache,
For still I dream of thee.

When wit, and wine, and friends are met,
And laughter crowns the festive hour,
In vain I struggle to forget;
Still does my heart confess thy power,
And fondly turn to thee.

When night is near, and friends are far,
And, through the tree that shades my cot,
I gaze upon the evening star,
How do I mourn my lonely lot,
And, Fanny, sigh for thee!

I know my love is hopeless—vain,
But, Fanny, do not strive to rob
My heart of all that soothes its pain—
The mournful hope, that every throb
Will make it break for thee!
H.

From the Charleston Courier.

WEALTH, AND ITS USES.

A rich man is an object of envy—not for the number of his domestics, the luxuries of his table, or the splendour of his equipage—not for the caresses of the vernal, the applause of sycophants, or the numerous facilities which he enjoys of suiting this world to himself,—but for the ability to make others happy, and, by acts of beneficence and patriotism, to connect himself with the fame of his country, and make his name memorable in after-times.

Wealth of itself is adventitious, and signifies nothing. When acquired by honest labour, it is a proof of virtuous industry and gladdens all who behold it. When derived from our ancestors, it shows them to have been frugal and meritorious. Thus, in both these instances, wealth is honourable, and belongs to the family of the virtues. On the other hand, when it comes to crown the toil of the miser, wet and dim with the tears of the poor, it looks like the vices which procured it, and both are covered with shame.

Now he who having honourably obtained would usefully dispense his riches—as well as he who would redeem, by the grace of their distribution, the ugliness of their acquirement, has ample means afforded him in the structure of society. Society, let it be remembered, protects him in his multiplied enjoyments, and guarantees to him his superfluous pleasures. The virtue of the poor is the security of the rich. The health and vigour of the social feeling, so essential to the welfare of all classes, is the peculiar interest and care of those who are blest with large possessions. It is their duty to justify the gifts of Providence in the sight of heaven, and to vindicate their inequality by demonstrating their wisdom. It is for them to flow and to fertilize like a magnificent stream—and not to deaden and evaporate, like a stagnant reservoir.

When it is considered how covetous men are of fame—how they seek it under the scorching sun and through the sunless cold—how they toil after worldly praise in the closet, the cabinet, and the field—in how many thousand ways they jeopardize life to obtain it—their pursuit, too, how reckless and unrelenting—we are surprised to discover, that a large portion of mankind, apparently unconscious of it, have always at their side and within their power this sweet desideratum, which they may win and wear with the smiles and exultations of innocence and virtue.

ALMANZOR, an humble youth, was passing near the Temple of Fame on a levee day, when the goddess gave immortal passports to eager and expecting mortals. Curiosity detained him, that he might behold the candidates and the distribution of the prizes, and he lingered to see the ceremonies of glory on the living and the dead. A shrill blast of the trumpet spoke the coming of the warrior, his frame covered with scars, his sword dripping with blood; he hid his conscience and his memory with his shield, and bared his feverish temples for the laurel crown. Take it, my son, said the goddess: how many deaths hast thou experienced to escape from oblivion! thou shalt be remembered—but take thy drum with thee, to drown the cries of widows and of orphans. The soldier bowed, and passed into a crimson apartment, the abode of the warriors.

A laborious statesman came toiling up the winding stairs of the temple, and exhibiting a long string of successful treaties, and a large port-folio of diplomatic intercourse, put in his claim for immortality. Ah, said the goddess, through how much darkness hast thou waded to emerge from obscurity! Take what thou desirest; and while thy works remain in the world to furnish perplexing texts, thy name shall twinkle among the uncertain lights, which guide the wavering honesty of nations. The statesman entered, and joined Puffendorff, Vattel and Burlamaqui. Their apartments were opposite to those of the soldiers—who indeed treated them with all manner of affronts, now setting fire to their parchments, and then cutting them up with the sword: a proper treatment, they observed, for those old women, who, with cobwebs, aspired to harness a war-horse. A crowd soon entered the various apartments of the temple, all of whom were welcomed by the goddess as worthy of her favour from some distinguished quality or achievement; and when they had all convened, the temple shone forth to Almanzor like that glorious canopy, which is studded with stars. He gazed with eagerness—despair quenched the hope which began to kindle in his bosom, and he was retiring.

Presently he observed a plain, well-dressed man passing by. He appeared to be intent on some benevolent purpose, and paid no attention whatever to the dazzling objects around him. As soon as he was seen from the temple, an exclamation of joy was heard, and the goddess beckoned to him to stop and enter. The good man found himself unwittingly near the temple

of Fame. "What have I to do here," he exclaimed, "who never sought after praise, nor dreamt of celebrity?" "True," said the goddess, "but they have discovered you. Heaven gave you wealth; you used it to gladden the heart of the poor—to promote literature—to encourage the arts—to beautify and adorn your country—to improve its taste—to advance and to enlarge its reputation. You have rescued intellect, when it has been floating among the bulrushes, and fed it when it has been starving in the desert. There is no current so deep and so strong as the gratitude of genius. Its brightest invention is to devise rewards, and its greatest delight to bestow them. You will find in this temple many whom your fostering care elicited from obscurity and supplied with resources. For the gold which you gave them, they return you immortality. Enter and dwell with them:" and the rich man entered the temple of Fame, and the classic shades of renown bowed to him as their benefactor—Music poured into his ear all the raptures of melody—his eye was refreshed with beauty's fadeless forms—the Arts and the Graces strove to honour him, while the Virtues looked on and were pleased. There was a delightful glow in his bosom, and on his cheek an ingenuous blush, when the goddess proclaimed "Behold the Triumph of enlightened Benevolence."

FAIR MOUNT WATER WORKS.

The public works carrying on at Fair Mount, to supply the city with water from the Schuylkill by the more economical means of water power substituted for steam engines, advance rapidly towards their completion.

On Saturday, the 28th ult. the corner stone of the Mill Building was laid by the Watering Committee, in the presence of the members of the councils, and the officers of the corporation.

A brass plate contained in a mahogany case, (which was enclosed in a leaden box, together with a series of the coins of the United States, a medallion of Washington and one of Franklin, copies of the printed reports of the watering committee, and a file of the papers of the day) was deposited in a cavity cut in the rock; over which was laid, in due form, the corner stone.

The following inscription was engraved on one side of the plate:

"Fair Mount Water Power, was created by the erection of a dam across the river Schuylkill, for the purpose of supplying in the most economical manner the city of Philadelphia with pure and salubrious water, from an abundant and never-failing source.

"The plan was adopted by the city councils on the third day of April, 1819—Robert Waln, esq. president of the Select, and James S.

Smith, esq. president of the Common, Council.

"The work was commenced under a contract with Anel Cooley, of Massachusetts, on the 23d day of the same month, and was superintended by a joint committee of the councils.

"This corner stone of the Mill Building was laid on the 28th day of April, 1821, in the presence of the members of the councils—George Vaux, esq. president of the Select, and James S. Smith, esq. president of the Common, Council."

There was also inscribed on the plate, the names of the watering committee, the present members of the corporation, the population of the city and county as per last census, the width of the dam and depth of the river.

On the reverse of the plate the following inscription was engraved, surrounded with an oak wreath, an emblem of perpetuity.

"This memorial records the execution of an important public work, calculated to promote the comfort, convenience, and health of society, by combining, at great cost and much labour, knowledge, skill and power to render nature subservient to the wants of man.—1821."

Amer. Daily Adv.

STEAM BOAT NORRISTOWN.

Norristown (Penn.), May 9.

On Wednesday morning last, the inhabitants of this borough being apprised of the arrival of the Steam Boat Norristown, (commanded and owned by Capt. Hewett) at Swedesford, numbers of both sexes collected along the banks of the river, for the purpose of witnessing so novel, so pleasing and interesting a sight. About half past ten she majestically entered the mouth of Stony Creek (the star-spangled banner waving to the genial zephyr that aided in propelling her to the destined haven) amidst repeated cheers and bursts of soul-enlivening joy, from a large assemblage of persons, which was instantly reciprocated by the passengers on board.

In the afternoon a party upwards of a hundred (amongst whom were 40 or 50 ladies) proceeded a few miles up the river, who returned in the evening, highly pleased with the surrounding scenery, the progress of the boat, and the very polite attention of the enterprising proprietor. Although some difficulties incident to the first essay of so great an undertaking was encountered, yet it has been fully ascertained to the most perfect satisfaction of those concerned, that the river Schuylkill can be navigated by steam. Until the obstructions are removed, the Norristown, we understand will not commence running regularly. She is a handsome boat, 65 feet long, 15 wide, and has two neat and suitable apartments for the accomodation of passengers.

Poetry.

FROM BLACKWOOD'S EDINBURGH MAGAZINE.

YOUNG JANET.

One morning young Janet
Sat feeding her linnet,
At ease on her sofa all softly reclining;

It loved on her finger,
Loud singing, to linger,
Or play'd, in her tresses his talons entwining.

It perch'd on her bosom,
And peck'd at the blossom,
The rose she had gather'd to place on her heart,
The leaflets still tearing,
It sat all unfearing,
And caroll'd the while in the midst of its sport.

And there while reposing,
Her eyelids half closing,
Young Janet low murmured her sonnet of love;
It listen'd from under,
With side-glance of wonder,
And mimick'd in sport the soft songs that she wove.

While thus she lay whiling,
The moments beguiling,
Young Janet has heard a soft step at the door;
All timidly wishing,
All flutter'd and flushing,
Her linnet forgotten, she starts to the floor.

How sweet is the meeting,
From absence when greeting,
With blush and with sigh the soft lord of the heart!

His answer, his question,
How thrilling to listen,
And hide the soft gladness with maidenly art.

Thus hardly concealing,
Her fondness of feeling,
Young Janet felt nought for a moment but love;
But alas! every gladness
Is follow'd by sadness,
And pain after pleasure each mortal must prove.

When leisure now found her,
Young Janet gaz'd round her,
And missed her gay playmate so sportive and kind;
A foot and a feather,
Were lying together,
And the down of its bosom was strew'd on the wind.

And purring demurely,
On the carpet securely,
Her tortoise-shell cat in a corner was hid;
With lips unrelenting,
The traces still scenting,
Where the poor linnet's blood on the floor she had shed.

She long had been watching
Fit moment for catching,
And enter'd when Cupid (blind god) was the guard;
And Janet's sad feeling,
Too deep for concealing,
Her love all forgotten, now weeps for her bird.

And her lover still deeper,
Adores the soft weeper,
The pure virgin spirit so gentle and kind;
Where, like the bright mirror,
Unsullied by error,
Each breath is observ'd on the surface refin'd.

FROM BALDWIN'S LONDON MAGAZINE.

SONNET

TO BERNARD BARTON,

*On the favourable notice of his Poems in the
Edinburgh Review.*

The critic's praise is just.—His liberal hand
For thee a lovely wreath has fitly twined;
While round thy brow its modest flowers ex-
pand,
Be hopes of brighter guerdon all resign'd.
Ah! where couldst thou more dear encomium
find,
Than thus with COWPER's ever honour'd name
To hear thine own compared? May spotless
fame,
Like *his*, be to thy future lays assign'd!—
See Youth and Innocence confess thy sway,
With pleased attention round the minstrel
bending;
While the mild glories of th' *Autumnal Day*
Are to his song their sweet attraction lending:
And now—Devotion prompts sublimer lays,
That blend with Nature's charms their great
Creator's praise!

14th Feb. 1821.

FROM THE SAME.

STANZAS,

*Written, after viewing one evening, from Yarmouth
Jetty, the sea in a luminous state.*

Behold, on the bosom of ocean, how fire
With flame lights the foam of each kindling
wave;
And let us this magic of nature admire,
Which bids fiery water the strand thus to
lave!

Dark, dark is the surface, like Julia's eye:
Yet where the oars dash, golden lustre ap-
pears;
As in that deep azure we oft may descry
All the flash of the lightning as seen through
her tears.

Though silence and gloom all encircle around,
These rays vivid lustre to night can impart;
Like that eye, which in sadness, however pro-
found,
Can irradiate my hopes, while its beams cheer
my heart.

Yes! such were the fires that, the main erst
illuming,
Burst forth when fair Venus arose from the
waters;—
And now, all the charm of that moment re-
suming,
They sport on the waves where still bathe her
fair daughters.

These flames are the traces which beauty hath
left
Behind in the flood to enchant and delight;
For when earth is of sun and its radiance bereft,
Still, like beauty, they glow in the darkness
of night.

CHARADE.

BY A LADY.

Headless, my subject to the night complains;
Tail-less, I'm worshipp'd upon India's plains;
Entire, the badge of superstition's power,
I but disgrace the head I'm meant to cover.

Agriculture.



"Let us cultivate the ground, that the poor, as well as
the rich, may be filled; and happiness and peace be esta-
blished throughout our borders."

*Some Observations on the Hessian Fly;
written in the year 1797, by Dr. Isaac
Chapman.*

Original read before the Agricultural Society
of Bucks County, 14th August, 1820—For-
warded to the Philadelphia Agricultural So-
ciety, and ordered to be published in the Na-
tional Recorder.

That insect first appeared in Bucks
county in the spring of the year 1786,
upon the banks of the Delaware op-
posite Trenton, having crossed the river
from New Jersey, where it had the pre-
ceding year destroyed the greatest part
of the wheat; but in Bucks not much
damage was observed except in a few
fields opposite Trenton; after harvest
they spread over several townships, and
the farmers having sown their wheat the
latter end of August and beginning of
September, the young plants in two or
three weeks after appearing above ground
began to die, and when winter came on,
instead of the ground being spread over
with verdure, as it used to be, in many
fields the young plants were nearly all
destroyed by the insect.

In 1787 the wheat was, in several
townships, the greatest part destroyed.
After harvest they spread to a great ex-
tent, and did great injury to the young
wheat before the frosts came on.

In 1788, in the beginning of May and

until the 15th or 20th of the same, many fields appeared very promising, but then the growth of the wheat began to be at a stand, and after some days withered and died; many farmers seeing it thus withering away, turned their creatures into the wheat fields, so that at harvest but little had this year come to maturity. After harvest they spread nearly all over the county, and into some parts of the adjacent counties of Philadelphia and Montgomery.

The farmers observing in the two preceding harvests, the wheat that had been sown early in the season to be more damaged than that sown later, this year generally sowed later in the season than before, and being much discouraged by the crops of the two preceding years failing, put in but little ground with wheat, but chiefly sowed rye, which the fly has as yet damaged very little; and the yellow bearded wheat being introduced, was generally sown on the best grounds well manured. This wheat was brought from Long Island or New York, to which place it was introduced from the southern states, and was said to be proof against the insect, from its having a very hard stalk, and beginning to grow earlier in the spring than that variety they had been accustomed to sow.

1789. The fall and winter of 1788 and spring of 1789, being very favourable, the wheat fields appeared very promising; the insects not doing much damage, except in some low, warm and sheltered situations; and the harvest, though not extraordinary, was good when compared to that of preceding years.

1790. In the autumn of 1789 the wheat was sown very late, and the winter being unfavourable for winter grain, in the spring of 1790 it made a very unpromising appearance, and the yellow bearded wheat was found not to be proof against the insect: the harvests in general were light.

This insect was first discovered on or near Long Island, in the state of New York, from whence they spread rapidly, and was in the year 1797, found west of the Allegheny mountains. From their apparent progress through the country, they advanced about 30 miles in one summer.

Having so far marked the progress of this insect, and their destructive operations upon the wheat, I will go into a more particular account of them, their economy and destructive process.

Their principal emigrations appear to be after harvest, in August and the beginning of September. The first year they appear in no great numbers, and scattering; but the next year they advance in great numbers, and, with the increase of those that came the preceding year, make great destruction. It was in the second year of their appearance in my neighbourhood, that I began to be particular in observing them, and from notes taken that and succeeding years, I draw this account.

As this, like most species of flies, undergoes several transformations before they arrive to a perfect state, I now state such observations as I have made upon them in their different stages, until they arrive to the fly.—First, of the egg, then of the larva or caterpillar, then the aurelia or chrysalis, and lastly, when they arrive to the mature state of a fly.

1st. The eggs. These are deposited by the parent fly on the leaf or blade of the wheat, at different times in the spring; the latter end of April and beginning of May, they may be seen laying their eggs on the leaves that have grown that season; they deposit them in the small creases that are longitudinal in the leaf. The egg is scarce discernible with the naked eye, but with a microscope it appears oblong, both ends of the same size, and of a beautiful glossy pale red, a little inclining to yellow. After a few days more, or fewer, as they are warmer or colder, the egg hatches, and the young caterpillar appears.

2d. The larva or caterpillar. It is in this state that the insect does all its mischief: when the caterpillar first appears out of the egg, it retains the pale red colour of the egg, is wrinkled, and has a considerable degree of agility; as soon as hatched it creeps down the leaf until it comes to where it joins the head or main stalk of the plant; if the stalk has advanced much, so that the pedicle of the leaf forms a sheath round the stalk, it enters the sheath, and continues its course until it reaches the bottom of the sheath; here it fixes to the stalk, if shot up, if not, to the head of the plant where the pedicle of the leaf joins, with its head downwards, and with its teeth it perforates into a sap vessel, from which it draws its nourishment. Having thus placed itself in a proper situation, it never alters its position, until it undergoes the remaining

transformations. By the sap it is nourished, its body enlarges, loses its wrinkled appearance, changes to a paler colour, becomes plump and hard, so as to resist the pressure of the stalk and sheath, and as it daily increases in bulk, it presses with such force against the stalk as to print its shape in it, and thus prevents the sap from passing the side of the stalk against which it is fixed: one insect thus placed seldom destroys the plant, but when two or three are fixed in this manner round the stalk or head of a plant, they certainly destroy it; not by the nourishment they draw from the sap, or eating any part of the plant, but by the pressure they make, stopping the ascent of sap, and thus cutting off the nourishment of the plant. They are frequently found in the second sheath from the ground, after the stalk is shot up; but when this is the case, the eggs have been deposited late in the season, and the stalk has acquired such a degree of hardness before the caterpillar begins to press against it, that very little impression is made on the stalk, and little or no damage sustained. And here it may be worth our notice to see how unerring instinct operates on these little animals, scarce visible to the naked eye; the minute they are excluded from the eggs, they are directed to a proper situation, and invariably place themselves with their heads to the root of the plant, that their nourishment may not be cut off in stopping the ascent of the sap, whereby they would perish, as happens to those that are placed uppermost on the stalk when a great number are found together: sometimes twenty or thirty being found in the same sheath, the upper ones frequently die for want of sap, and very few thus situated arrived to their proper size.

They continue growing in the caterpillar state between four and five weeks, towards the latter part of which time they change from a light colour to somewhat of a brownish cast, and then to a dark brown, the outward coat of the caterpillar becoming a hard shell or covering for the chrysalis, which change takes place the latter end of May or beginning of June.

3d. The chrysalis state. In this state they receive no nourishment, and continue without any apparent outward alteration about four or five weeks; and in this time the last transformation takes

place, and the insect appears in its most perfect state of a fly, which perforates the case of the chrysalis, and makes its appearance in the latter end of July or beginning of August.

4th. The fly is small, has long slender legs, wings long and single, and when they join to the body or thorax, taper almost to a point; towards the other extremity they expand, and at the end form nearly a semicircle; the head and thorax are very small in comparison with the abdomen, which is large, particularly in the females; and when viewed with a microscope, there appears round the abdomen many beautiful circles of a pale red, inclining a little to a yellow colour.

In the last state the insect is very active, moving from place to place with great agility; and in the latter part of August and beginning of September their principal migrations take place: those vegetables on which they deposit their eggs being scarce, they emigrate in search of greater plenty.

They now copulate, and soon after begin to deposit their eggs; and as nearly as I could discover, this process is finished by the 15th or 18th of September, though some of them changing from the chrysalis state later than others, will lay their eggs later in proportion.

Now, having traced the insects through one generation, which lasts from the latter end of April to the 15th or 20th of September, I will carry my remarks through another generation, which being done, I shall have traced them through their various transformation and economy for the period of one year.

(To be concluded.)

Science.

Compiled for the National Recorder.

Premiums by the "Society for the Encouragement of National Industry," in France.

(Continued from p. 304.)

30. For the preparation of fish glue—(Ichthyocolla)—2000 francs.

31. For the construction of a hand mill for shelling leguminous seeds—1000 francs.

32. For the preservation of woollen stuffs—3000 francs.

33. For the preparation of paper from the bark of the paper mulberry—3000 francs.

Iodine.—This substance has been found to be an excellent remedy in the cure of goitre. An able memoir upon it, by Dr. Coindet, in the Bib. Univ. of Geneva, contains the following:

Iodine is a stimulant; it gives tone to the stomach, excites appetite; it acts neither as a cathartic nor diuretic, nor does it excite sweating; but its action is directed to the reproductive system, and especially to the uterus. If given in a certain quantity, and continued for some time, it is one of the most active emenagogues that I know. It is perhaps by this sympathetic action that in the greater number of cases it cures goitre. This substance deserves, under this new point of view, the attention of physicians; and I doubt not that it will become in skilful hands, one of the most powerful remedies of which modern chemistry has enriched the materia medica.

M. Gaus, of Gottingen, an eminent geometrician, has been elected a foreign associate of the French Academy, in the room of sir Joseph Banks.

Potato.—Don Joseph Pavou, author of a Flora of Peru, has found the potato in a wild state in the province of Lima and in Chili, where it is called *Papas*. It was likewise discovered in 1809 in the environs of Santa Fé de Bogota.

M. Geoffroy de Villeneuve has lately sent to Paris a small quantity of insects of a species of *Caraibes*, with the following note:

Being in the village of Postudel, some leagues from St. Louis, collecting insects, and having the negroes to assist me in my researches, one of them brought me a vase, containing many thousands of little insects of the kind called *Caraibes*. On questioning the negro, I learned that these insects were used in making soap. He showed me a piece of it of a blackish colour, but of a quality as good as European soap. I was assured afterwards, that this insect is used for the same purpose along the whole Senegal coast. The insect is black, with corslet edges, and the wings have a reddish cloud; the claws and the antennæ are of a pale colour.

The magistrates and burgesses of Hamburg have assessed themselves in the sum of 800,000 thalers courant (about 3,200,000 francs,) destined for the erec-

tion of a new hospital for the sick poor. The citizens of Hamburg have long been distinguished for the exercise of charity, and on this occasion they have evinced so much zeal and liberality as to deserve the most honourable mention. No poor person is found among them without food, clothing and fire; no sick person without assistance. Mendicity is unknown in Hamburg, and every person in a condition to labour, finds the means of employment.

Mr. Belzoni.—The zeal of Mr. Belzoni is beyond all praise, for not only taking drawings of the interior of the pyramids of Cheops and Cephrenes at Memphis, and of Psammethis at Thebes, but also models in wax of their principal figures and sculptures, with a view of erecting *fac similes* of those chambers in some parts of Europe for the inspection of the curious; where there may not only be science enough to give him encouragement, but also pecuniary means sufficient to enable him to begin and complete a work of such great interest. No other traveller has entertained this motive in his journey, but has contented himself with a literary description, which has, from the expense, been confined to the libraries of the great and opulent; and, after all, has proved inadequate to give a perfect idea of the objects designed. It would, we think, be well worthy the Trustees of the British Museum, to have such a work modelled and attached to their collection of Egyptian antiquities; where the man of learning might have access to it, for the purpose of consulting the antiquities of ancient Egypt, and the curious might be at once instructed and delighted. For, by Mr. Belzoni's magnificent scheme, if realized, every one will be enabled to place himself in the very chambers of the most remote antiquity!

TERMS OF PUBLICATION.

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